THE COMMONWEAL

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MR. HOOVER VICTORIOUS

MILLIONS who seldom cast a ballot in a national election voted on November 6. To these must be attributed, in large measure, the strength which swept Mr. Hoover into office with a tremendous majority after weeks of tense and glamourous campaigning. Political and social advertising on a scale unimagined before gave the United States a unique opportunity to discern the will of the greatest number. That this is overwhelmingly Republican was no secret to experienced observers long before the struggle neared a conclusion. It is the normal man's desire for safety and opposition to disburbance which endorsed Mr. Hoover, whose speeches repeated over and over again the old rule, "Play safe!" Behind him stood a party which, ever since the collapse of Wilson, has adhered firmly to routine and made not a single effort to invade "prosperity" with anything like an issue.

The friends of Governor Smith had hoped that his fascinating and courageous personality, placed on display before a thousand crowds, might rouse a mighty army to his support. We have the warmest respect for this opinion, which is justified by the evidence as to how people voted in the districts he most directly influenced. But it was impossible to defeat the Republican party with a personality. Conditions being what they are, only devoted enunciation of a major issue can change the national political habit. No such thing could be advanced by the Democrats. They were badly divided regarding even such projects as they did propose. The attack upon prohibition, inaugurated with so much vigor in Mr. Smith's campaign speeches, won a number of adherents from the Republican camp but seriously disturbed Democratic unity itself. And although he came to the fore with an intelligent and progressive solution of rural problems, the Governor had perforce to face the fact that his party men in the Middle-West had never previously reckoned with these problems or attempted to organize the farmers round any shibboleth more modern than the now respectably deceased tariff.

It is too early to analyze returns, or to venture sweeping reflections. One is struck, however, with the circumstance that both party machines functioned normally. Democratic strength appeared where it has always been in evidence recently—in the South, in the larger cities, and in a number of industrial regions. But there was no sign of it anywhere in normally Republican territory. To a very considerable extent, these facts must be attributed to the weakness of organization which has been characteristic of the party for a long time. Too many defeats, not enough money, an overdose of dissension in the comparatively

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unwieldy urban organizations—these have all bequeathed to the man who would marshal opposition to Republicanism a gigantic burden hardly to be lifted in a year. We believe that Governor Smith has led the way toward improvement of such conditions. He has freed the party of much old iron, and has proposed to it several new directions which, if followed energetically during the coming years, may alter the political outlook.

To anyone who believes that the two-party system is vital to American life—that it will not do to create a monopoly of political authority and opinion—the hope for the restoration of Democracy must seem very important. On the other hand, we are sure that Mr. Hoover can bring distinct advantages to his own group. During the campaign he lay conspicuously low. Nothing excepting the most simon-pure Republican doctrine issued from his lips; he avoided reference to anything that might create trouble in the ranks of his supporters; and he devoted himself to an "efficient" handling of electoral mechanisms which necessarily disconcerts those who hold that the vote ought to enshrine an individual, personal opinion rather than a mere unit in a chorus of ah's. But Mr. Hoover is, if his record can be credited, an inflexible, virile, tolerant and high-minded man, who dreams of using government for truly human purposes. He has an opportunity for leadership which we hope he will seize, and in the exercise of which all of us will wish him success and joy.

Certain objectives which that leadership might assume are evident even in the election results. The vast power of Republicanism, the dimensions of which were never so clearly revealed as by this election, imposes serious responsibility upon those who utilize it. If this formula of the public mind is used in conformity with the best instincts of the American mind, it can advance the nation's welfare to the limits imposed by the eternal horizon of man; and if it is employed arbitrarily, or even opportunistically, harmful tendencies now very visible will be swollen into destructive currents. Two of these last are especially important. The campaign brought to the surface a vast quantity of alarming prejudice, most of which was directed at the religion of Governor Smith. Shall a Catholic be admitted into the sacred precincts of the White House? This query echoed up and down the land, fomented by agencies grossly venal in character. To a not inconsiderable extent, we regret to say, it was employed by Republican organizers themselves, in an effort to use everything that might aid victory. Just how strongly it influenced the final outcome, no one will ever be able to tell. But calm scrutiny of the vote in Virginia, North Carolina and Texas—normally Democratic states, all of which may have passed into the Hoover column by the time this comment is printed—shows that this prejudice, and this only, swayed hundreds of thousands who had been misled into an attitude of mind flatly antagonistic to the constitution. Rural districts everywhere, for the action of which Republican organization is in a measure responsible, manifested anti-Catholic feeling to an extent which profoundly menaces the nation's peace and indicates a drift to narrowness of outlook which would make understanding of either the past or the future impossible.

We are convinced that now, under less heated circumstances, Republicanism can vigorously repudiate this vile thing which forebodes decay and spiritual indecency of the worst sort; and we feel that the leaders of Republicanism owe it to the country which has so overwhelmingly endorsed them to cleanse the party of each and every association with religious prejudice. Somewhat less important, but still vital, is another threat to national solidarity. The election shows, what had already previously been evident, that the large cities are without anything like the political influence which ought to go with their economic status. Faced with difficult social problems accruing from the complexities of crowd life, they find time and time again that solutions proposed by compact organizations in village districts, and expressed in federal law, render all true progress impossible. The most important instance is the Eighteenth Amendment, which has fomented urban disorder, lawlessness and suffering to an extent which leaves practically no experienced observer of conditions unconvinced. During the campaign, Republicanism soft-pedaled the issue, discussing it now this way and now that, while Governor Smith bravely faced it because it was there—a menace and even something like a ghastly joke. But any power which rests content with matters as they are, and which does not keep pace with the real life of the country, will not in the end merit the confidence placed in it.

For more reasons than one, Governor Smith, who so appealingly dramatized the aspiration to fair discussion of national difficulties and possibilities, may be said to retain his full significance even now. Beaten at the polls, doomed to defeat from nearly the start of the campaign and opposed by forces which crept out of places which the self-respecting American likes to keep under cover, he made all of us aware of good things which Mr. Hoover must achieve if he plans to uphold his personal reputation and the significance of his party. Meanwhile one closes the records of the struggle with a feeling that history will come back to them again and again, as to a diagnosis or a searching revelation. They tell much of which one can be proud, and much else one must profoundly regret, if one has set store by the vision of Jefferson and Lincoln. Not the least impressive detail is the similarity between state and state in so far as reaction to ideas is concerned. There is little sectional enthusiasm, and almost less sectional conservatism. The "national citizen" has almost become a type; but fortunately the popular vote indicates that he is as yet too definitely torn between two sides to be a perfect automaton, idea-less and resigned to the same old song.

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WEEK BY WEEK

OUTFITTED with apparatus which would have caused the face of an old-time campaigner to pucker up in an incredulous stare, the captains of Republican and Democratic destiny have assaulted the public ear until the very last minute of the campaign. The United States is inured to politics, but for generations there has been no struggle which aroused anywhere near the passionate interest and soul-searching chronicled by the past weeks. Registration totals everywhere were swollen to an extent which gave even the most swagger of prophets a misty vision forward. The "new vote"—or the vote which is rarely cast—must, in all probability, be classed as the deciding factor in the election. In so far as issues were concerned, the campaign indicated a surprising unwillingness on both sides to sponsor positive declarations. Party leaders strove valiantly to neutralize the references in their respective platforms to prohibition, farm relief, tariff policy and administration. Corruption talk on the one side also pretty well unbalanced what was said on the other. Far more emphatic were the negative appeals. Urged not to vote against a candidate because he was this and that, the electorate was spurred into an examination of its prejudices and assumptions, its estimates of men and its opinions of institutions. From this point of view, the campaign is seen as a powerful educational agent likely to widen out at least some narrownesses. The national mind appears to stand in need of a little added weight rather than of new directional purposes. We believe the clash has been both a purgative and a "body-builder."

REPLYING to Commonweal queries regarding evidence for the assertion that Cardinal Mercier had endorsed prohibition, Mrs. Willebrandt has sent us photostatic copies of La Croix d'Or, a French Catholic journal devoted to the cause of total abstinence. This little paper differs not a bit from dozens of similar sheets published throughout the world in order that the evils of alcoholism may be checked. We may remark incidentally that Mrs. Willebrandt might have found better ammunition for her purpose in Quickborn, a German exponent of the drink evil. But she was most interested in the great Cardinal and his views, as set forth in La Croix d'Or. During his visit to the United States in the fall of 1919, he stated in the course of an interview that "if one could introduce general prohibition, more lives would be saved than by means of universal disarmament. Alcohol kills more people than does war, and it slaughters less honorably." We may be wrong, but this quotation—which is the strongest part of her evidence—seems to express doubt of the practicability of the Amendment. For the most part, Cardinal Mercier confined himself to remarks such as the following: "In fighting alcoholism, it seems necessary that those to whom our Divine Master has confided the task of watching over the higher interests of his people should form the advance guard and, through the example of their abstinence, encourage the faithful to safeguard their moral virtue at the same time they protect their physical health."

WHETHER one accepts these remarks as endorsements of the Eighteenth Amendment or not, our objection to the methods employed by Mrs. Willebrandt remains. By appealing to several churches to take corporate action in this political campaign, she seems to have been quite unconscious of very serious implications. Numerous Baptists, Methodists and others were already opposed to Governor Smith for purely religious reasons; and when she sought to organize this antipathy around the standard of dryness, she was simply outfitting prejudice with a dignified slogan. Even though one concedes that she had no such purpose in mind (and we make this concession in a spirit of deference) the fact remains that the way was open for direct ecclesiastical intervention in politics. Such smoothing of the road ought to have come from almost anybody else, it seems to us, rather than from an official servant of the federal government. This activity we resolutely oppose, not so much for the influence it may have had upon the campaign as for its effect in deepening the antagonisms existing between the groups which ought, on behalf of the common welfare, to realize how much of Christianity they share.

ON NEITHER side the Atlantic is there anything like mourning over the death of Great Britain's Stevenson Act and the restoration of a free market in rubber. The English are glad to be out of a situation that had become very uncomfortable, while the

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advantage seen by the United States is the coming of order and security into the rubber market, and the confidence given producers, consumers and speculators that a study of the market will now produce trustworthy information. Few pieces of commercial legislation have had a more embarrassing history than the Stevenson Act. Designed to reinforce the supremacy of the British rubber industry by restricting production, it ended in six years by doing it an injury which may be past healing. It functioned well enough until the big American importers determined to make themselves independent of the British supply. They ordered their chemists to invent a process for synthetic production, they reworked old and used rubber, they developed their own plantations in tropical lands. They went so far that they might never again find themselves in a position of subjection to the British trade. The Stevenson Act has ceased to operate, but it is too late for British rubber. The plantations of the Americans are already producing, and, lest these should fail to develop, the chemists are still at work on synthetic rubber, while Mr. Edison shows no signs of abating his effort to develop a rubber plant which will grow in the American climate.

NEWS that trouble arose over the erection of a memorial statue to Emile Combes, who led the French government in its attack upon the Catholic Church during the opening years of the century, has focused attention upon one of the most complex among existing political conflicts. Before Minister Herriot had gone to Pons for the ceremony, the Bishop of La Rochelle had issued a protest declaring that it was a "public sin" and "an odious glorification of the most perfidious of men." Under ordinary circumstances, these strong words would have been nothing more than Catholic comment, justified in view of the record of M. Combes, despoiler of convents and executioner of Christian education. But they were taken up by a group of Camelots du Roy, the youthful and martial wing of l'Action Française. These went to Pons, smashed the statue and engaged in a brush with the police, during the course of which one of their number was killed. The consequences were serious. Just a few days previous, M. Poincaré's government—which has been formed on a basis of national union—had submitted a budget conceding a certain amount of property to the Church, and permitting the reëstablishment of religious foundations engaged in recruiting for the missions. Naturally enough the opposition to this came from the radical group, whose representative Herriot is. Therefore this statesman has been forced into the difficult situation of either ignoring the Pons incident altogether or leading his party in an overt attack upon the government.

THE most serious question involved is this: What connection exists between the protest of the Bishop and the action of the Camelots? Everybody knows that the existing budget proposals constitute a great step toward establishing a modus vivendi beween the French government and the Church on the basis of separation. The possibility of such a thing had been vetoed as inconceivable during years when both l'Action Française and the French bishops were unified in their opposition to a rapprochement. For this state of affairs the advisers to whom Rome listened during the interval between the death of Pope Leo XIII and the accession of the reigning Holy Father must largely be accounted responsible. Much against their will, the French bishops of the time were constrained into an attitude of resistance to the "associations cultuelles," as the republic named its scheme of ecclesiastical readjustment. As a result they began to employ—or rather to join—l'Action Française in its campaign of "integralism," and were encouraged by considerable, though very likely ephemeral, success. When the present Pope, after a careful study of the evidence, found it necessary to denounce the work of Maurras both as doctrine and as policy, the bishops were naturally enough puzzled and to some extent derouted. That a number of them are still unconvinced of the virtue of "national union" is understandable in view of the general non-elasticity of the human mind. Nevertheless the situation is clearing, and we do not feel that the Combes incident is destined to be taken as anything more serious than a regrettable annoyance.

WITH the exhibition of some hundreds of paintings, water colors, drawings, etchings, wood-cuts, lithographs and pieces of sculpture, aboard the Cunard liner Berengaria, the lesser known British artists had their day in port, where they were greeted by an interested and on the whole enthusiastic assemblage of invited guests, who came to pray and remained to tea, served in characteristic English fashion in the spacious library of the ship. A spirit of festive gaiety characterized the occasion as well as the colorful exhibits on the walls, and one could not help but remark the freshness and essential virility of most of this work from the hands of artists who are as yet but little known, even within the confines of their own country. Throughout the collection one meets with one proof after the other that the gospel of modern art as preached by Roger Frey and Clive Bell has penetrated to the substratum of British art consciousness. For there could be no more revealing and conclusive evidence of the change that has taken place in the general point of view of British artists during the last generation than the fact that even the least of them have been swept into the current of modern art, so frankly avowed by the most interesting of these exhibitors.

IN CONSEQUENCE, the exhibition as a whole has a cosmopolitan rather than a typically English look, with the emphasis on the French derivation of much of this imported foreign influence. When compared with the distinctive national characteristics developed

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by the nineteenth-century school of English landscape painters, one questions whether this newly won cosmopolitanism is to be regarded as an unmixed good. It is no less true today than yesterday that the only sure road to internationalism in art is via a clearly defined nationalism that shall express the racial characteristics of the artist in relation to the national background, and emulating Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse and Picasso seems a rather indirect way of accomplishing this. It would almost seem that British painting is about to pay the heaviest possible price for the influence it once exerted upon the whole trend of modern landscape painting, as it was developed in the hands of the French impressionists whose eyes were opened by Turner and Constable. And so this modest exhibition is perhaps fraught with more far-reaching implications than might appear on the surface. At all events, it forms another point of contact with our English cousins, whom we find are not so narrowly, insularly English as some of us might have thought, and Sir Joseph Duveen and the distinguished committee of sponsors are to be thanked for affording us this opportunity of glimpsing the changing face of British art as it is reflected in the work of its least known practitioners.

BECAUSE men naturally respect leaders who are hardy, and whose tastes are of the simplest, the nationalist government of China has demanded that its officials lead frugal lives. There is the wisdom of experience in this. Nations decay or grow strong from within; and it would almost seem that to insure the latter nothing need be done but to banish softness and ease of living in high circles. That, at least, is the most important step. The new Chinese officials are further commanded to work laboriously, befriend the masses in all circumstances, give good example, combat commercial and social abuses, and defend the weak. In public affairs they are advised to be honest; and they are expected to know perfectly the principles of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The Occidental reader of these precepts will cheerfully admit their solemn merit and at the same time refuse to suppress a chuckle of delight at their expression. Fascinating things are found in so many odd corners that unexpectedness has very nearly gone out of any kind of discovery. And yet it is with something like the old surprise that one comes upon the beatitudes in a handbook of governmental regulations.

NOW that we are midway between the goal posts of a scoring season, it may be well to point out the necessary ingredients of a winning team. This information ought to prove valuable to anybody trying to build up a new college from the usual humble beginnings, or planning to fan the embers of alumni enthusiasm. What is needed, we may therefore declare, is a good coach and a similarly good team. The first costs money, the second foresight. To our mind all else is subsidiary—size of college, attitude of community, quantity of yelling. After all the two most eminent fillers of stadiums are the automobile and the press. Getting a good coach is simpler than it seems. Never select a mentor who (a) has not played professional football, or (b) cannot talk with fluency, at least on the field. Collecting a good team is vastly more difficult, and nobody can guarantee to deliver one annually. Under existing circumstances, the college must be able to draw from more high schools than are to be found in its immediate neighborhood; must develop at least three other major sports, including basketball; and should make an effort to abide honestly by every rule, written or unwritten, commonly accepted as imposed by honorable athletics. These conditions having been met, lavish expenditures of money are of secondary importance. People used to be able to buy a good team, but it cannot be done today. We pass on these details, contributed by an eminent sportsman as the result of long meditation, for what they are worth. If he is right, the "age of gold" has passed in another department of life.

ONCE more daily newspapers keep us informed on matters more vital than Professor McFuddle's analysis of the straw vote, while the radio stations have dropped The Sidewalks of New York for Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella on a Rainy, Rainy Day. And, seeing that we have come through the siege so relentlessly laid to our opinions without noticeable injury, we can afford to laugh, now, at the harrowing past. We realize that our discomfort was caused not so much by the newspapers as by the defection of the radio from its mission of amusement. After all it was an infant during the 1924 campaign, and we had no precedent example by which to anticipate the all prominent part it would take in 1928. Everyone knew that it had grown tremendously in four years, but such knowledge was poor preparation for the barrage of oratory from 6,000 Republicans who faced the microphone during the height of the campaign, or from the less numerous Democrats, who managed to make up in frequency of utterance what they lacked in numbers. One might in reason have expected, even hoped, that the cost of radio time which runs as high as $10,000 an hour would have served to hamper the fluency of party champions, but all it did was to make them speak faster. A change in technique, and nothing more.

THERE is no doubt that too much has been made of the advantage which the radio is supposed to give its audiences during campaign time. It is argued that the radio listener is relieved, despite himself, of the danger of being influenced by favorable or unfavorable platform personalities. The elegance of A's clothes, the grace of B's bearing, the appeal of A's smile, the force of B's gestures, mean nothing to him. Freed, too, of the psychology of the crowd, he sits calmly at home, listening critically to the voice that

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comes from the loud speaker, discounting this statement as bluff, appraising that as worthy of consideration. As a supreme court justice, he is serene; he has the divine unbias. What nonsense! If you would estimate a speech at its true value, read its complete text in a newspaper. There one is subjected to no extraneous influences whatever; even the voice, most cogent persuader, is absent. As a matter of fact there is a radio psychology which is yet to be investigated and explained, but of the reality of which the lack of students is no denial. It makes a mediocre prize-fight seem like the battle of the centuries, and speeches by Assemblymen Black and White more exciting than those by Hoover and Smith.

THE interest with which Europeans generally followed the glider contests recently held in France, coupled with the announcement that German glider clubs have now passed the 20,000 mark in membership leads one to ask why this sport has not taken a greater hold in America. There is at present in the United States a great popular enthusiasm for flying which cannot find its outlet because of the large sums needed to equip a flying club. The Ford Company's attempt to develop a reliable flivver plane was prompted by this situation, but even a flivver plane would be too expensive for most group purses. A glider, on the other hand, represents an outlay of $300 at most. Unfortunately an impression prevails here that the glider is a toy, an impression hard to explain when it is remembered that the Wright brothers' experiments with gliders led directly to their invention of the aeroplane. The fact that the now popular Aeromarine Klemm light plane was originally a glider shows that motorless flying is still of experimental value.

TALKIES AND THE GROTESQUE

IT SEEMS obvious that the talking pictures have come not as a new development in movies, but as a separate form of entertainment. And brief as is their history, they have already demonstrated that so far from being the salvation of the film industry they are likely to disrupt it, and throw it back into the chaotic conditions from which it suffered not so many years ago. It is an unfortunate time for the movies, which were beginning to show signs of having entered something like maturity, with half a dozen directors answering the demand for a technique soundly based on an understanding of the real character of their medium. So long as no one in the industry seemed aware that the movie's limitations as compared with the stage must be turned into its peculiar advantages, there was no reason why the cinema should not be swallowed up in a new invention, such as talking pictures, or forgotten altogether. Now that there are men who know how to turn the trick we should regret the disappearance of the silent film, as we do regret the probability that progress, along the lines they have laid down, may be halted temporarily by the diversion of capital, equipment and personnel into the new field. The public has taken with such quick enthusiasm to the talkies that producers are dreaming of fabulous profits and California is again giddy with the cry of gold.

It cannot be expected that the sound films will be immediately fine enough to compensate us for what we may lose in the hindering of movie development. Anyone who supposes that it is simply a problem of adding sound to film has no conception of the real difference in the functions of the eye and the ear. The movie technique has been consciously and painfully developed to produce an art which is for the eye alone. It bears comparison with the symphony which is for the ear alone. The art of the opera is not the art of symphony; its problems are separate and distinct. Likewise the talking picture has unique problems, problems never suggested before, any one of which is as important as the synchronization of dialogue and action. Synchronization was a mechanical problem and even as such required several years for its solution. But the problems of narration presented by the talkies cannot be taken to a machine shop.

At present the crudities of the new pictures count as nothing against our joy in a novelty. But it is certain that as soon as this wears off, we shall be extremely uncomfortable. And our discomfort will arise largely from the fact that talking pictures move not toward but away from reality, and this in a manner wholly new and strange. In opera there is an exaggerated unreality, but it is the unreality we know in dreams, and its protagonists are the heroes, the gods and the angels we envisioned in childhood. So much cannot be said of pictures that, in defiance of nature, have become vocal. He is a man to be pitied who has ever dreamed of a two-dimensioned hero moving and speaking, not trippingly on the tongue, but in a grating voice that echoes from the rafters. Whence comes this sound to split the ears of the groundlings? From that flat surface, painted with bulks and shadows!

One of the most interesting and difficult problems of the talking pictures is the handling of this effect of the grotesque. Probably it will be the last to be considered or solved. We may first expect mechanical improvements. The voice will be reduced to something like its natural quality, at least to what we get on the legitimate stage. And it will be correctly placed, so that it does not seem to be issuing from the floor or the roof or from back-stage, but from the lips of the player. After that, plot sequence and scenic emphasis may be adapted to fit the needs of the talking picture, and we who have been trained to expect action in the cinema will no longer be offended to the soul while the robustious fellows stand still, as it were, for half a reel, and tear a passion to tatters. But in the end, though lessened, the effect of grotesqueness will still be with us, asking to be put to an inspired usage, promising an advantage of its own.

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CHRIST THE KING

OBSERVING this year the feast of Christ the King, one could not well avoid realizing that the thankfulness and joy inspired by the occasion were out of harmony with the spiritual strife and disorder prevailing round about. The old query regarding God and Caesar has been put to us all with vehement insistence; and the only possible answer is, of course, the Saviour's own clear-cut division of the two realms. This the feast celebrated on the final Sunday in October reëmphasizes firmly, reminding all men that civic duties and work-a-day obligations are surmounted by the joy of subservience to the yoke of Him Whose authority was founded in an act of incomprehensible Divine humility. "May the Lord grant," said the papal letter of December, 1925, "that the many who are not members of His kingdom shall long for and some day accept the sweet yoke of Christ, and that all men who are, through the mercy of God, His subjects and His children, shall bear this yoke not because they are forced to do so, but with pleasure, with love, and in the spirit of sanctification."

But there is another question abroad, more complex and possibly more difficult to answer. On the very Sunday of the feast, a prominent Protestant clergyman asserted that "ever since, the corporations that have professed to extend Our Lord's work have added to and taken from His message to such an extent that mankind, for whom He died, and the Church, which was to be His bride, no longer speak the same language." Does genuine compatibility exist between the religious authority of our time and the voice of Christ? The world is filled with people who are moved, or at least disquieted, by the life and doctrine of the Saviour, but who cannot discern any pulpit qualified to speak for Him now, although His promise that there should be such a thing was clear and resolute. To Catholics, informed by careful reasoning through a sequence of historical and theological arguments, the claim of the Popes to such an infallible pulpit seems most just and indubitable. To them the Holy See exists not to promulgate views of its own, but to reaffirm and reinterpret what has always and everywhere been taught from the beginning.

We can hardly fail to see, however, that others will be impressed less by such reasoning than by the attitude which the faithful assume toward the Papacy. Of late people have talked so much about the things to which ecclesiastical authority does not apply that we are in some danger of forgetting its postive functions. Do Catholics really bow to the Pope as they would to the teaching Saviour, with awe and affection? Is there not abroad a certain anxiety lest Rome should trespass into alien territory and make everybody uncomfortable? This chilling of confidence, which has its origin in diverse influences, will hardly give the world at large an impression of confident Catholic joy. Few will see that the obedience of the faithful is the full, free exercise of the Christian personality; many will feel that it is actually a burden, heavy on the shoulders and repellent to others. Thus the truly apologetic influence—the spectacle of Catholic life—is lost, and only the abstract, unconvincing argument remains.

A great deal of the difficulty arises from very imperfect understanding of the nature of authority. Most of us conceive of it only in terms of social mandate. It is said to be the expression of the common will as opposed to individual desire. And because the modern world is so largely anti-communal in its outlook, most of us do not obey laws which we consider out of line with our personal convictions. Now one whole side of Catholic government is really social adjustment. Rules, regulations and commandments are issued for the guidance and well-being of the Church. Precepts about fasting, liturgical observance and finance are familiar instances. All of these must be prudent in order to be effective, and of course they are subject to change with varying circumstances. One may say that the Church has issued such laws with a wisdom testified to by the mere fact that no other organization in the world has half so good a record for efficiency and wisdom.

Authority, however, is also of another kind. Let us say that it is the authority of the astronomer, who knows that Jupiter is surrounded by satellites, or of the builder who is sure that one material is usable while another is not. Obedience to this form of dictation need not be exacted of any individual. To rebel against it would be sheer folly, dangerous stubbornness. A man who refused to believe that a locomotive could run over him would merely add to the casualty lists. Of such a character is the infallible teaching office of the Church. It knows whatsoever things Christ has taught. To it the truths of Revelation are not "regulations" but verities. The individual may refuse to assent to it, but he pays the price of forfeiting the significance of Christianity. In obeying papal authority, therefore, the Catholic experiences the boundless joy of certainty. He knows that he will always be sure his spiritual beliefs are the same as those of the Saviour. His mind is thus enlarged and strengthened by the science of faith, which cannot be a dozen different sciences but necessarily only one. The objectivity of Christian truth abides, proof against hallucinations and personal impressions, even as cosmic reality remains invariable.

The spectacle of a Church which on the one hand constantly upholds unchanging verities, which on the other hand strives daily to judge all its mandates by the law of prudence, is a magnificent reality which the Catholic, when he has grasped it even a little, admires more and more enthusiastically. But intellectual confusion and moral distortion sometimes change the harmony into grotesque disarray, muddling the faithful themselves and alienating even those of good-will in the outer world.

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TARIFF FOR THE FARMER

By ROBERT STEWART

THAT American agriculture is at a disadvantage as compared with industry, commerce and organized labor is an undeniable fact. The national wealth of the entire country has increased 11 percent during the five years from 1920 to 1925; the government census indicates, however, that farm wealth has decreased $15,000,000,000 during the same period, or approximately 19 percent! This may be due in part to deflations of abnormally high land values caused by war conditions, but it is not due entirely to this fact. During the period from 1900 to 1922 the entire national wealth increased 70 percent: the non-agricultural wealth of the country increased 80 percent, while the agricultural wealth increased only 40 percent!

Furthermore, while there is approximately one-fourth of the entire people of the country on the farms of America, they received only 9 3-10 percent of the national income in 1921. That is, each person engaged in agricultural pursuits received only $0.43 for every $1.00 received by persons engaged in other lines of human labor! Postal employees who are regarded as the poorest paid labor in the country received an average of $1,750 in 1921, while the average farmer received only $793 for his labor.

There is no consensus of opinion among farm leaders as to the reason for the unfavorable position in which agriculture finds itself. Various suggestions have been made as to the cause and numerous proposals made for farm relief. The only point on which there is any agreement is the fact that agriculture is not on a basis of equality with other lines of human endeavor. Our national scheme of things must be adjusted so that agriculture will be placed on a parity with other lines of human effort. Can this adjustment be made by the farming industry itself or must assistance be given it by means of legislation?

There is a very strong feeling among certain agricultural leaders and some farm organizations that, since the farm price of farm products, of which we produce a surplus, is fixed by world prices, relief for the farming industry must be obtained by national legislation which takes this fact into consideration. Undoubtedly an attempt will be made to make this adjustment by means of tariff legislation. A tariff on farm products of which we produce a surplus offers no protection to the farmer. The price for which he must sell is fixed by world prices determined outside of his influence. There is a tariff of $0.42 on wheat imported from abroad, yet the price of wheat on the Chicago market and the Winnepeg market differs very little, and that difference is really in favor of the Winnepeg market, owing to the influence of the Canadian wheat pools in regulating the flow of grain to the market. A tariff on farm products, of which we produce a surplus, would, of course, retain the domestic market for the home-grown commodity. But there is no question of disposing of the farm surplus. The question is, how can the surplus be disposed of at prices which are not ruinous? How can the tariff be made to offer the same protection to agriculture that it does to industry?

The original suggestion offered by Alexander Hamilton, while Secretary of the Treasury in 1791, would do this very thing. He recommended to Congress that the tariff be adopted as a means of encouraging manufacturing and as a means of raising revenue. He also pointed out that if a tariff was adopted, an export bounty should be placed on agricultural commodities: otherwise agriculture would suffer. The tariff idea was adopted but the debenture plan on agricultural exports was ignored and agriculture has suffered.

This debenture plan is now being advocated by many farm leaders as being the most feasible way to bring the tariff benefits to agriculture and thus assist in solving the farm problem.

The plan proposes that certain farm produce on which the export bounty is paid be named by law, and would include, "wheat, wheat food products, corn, oats, rice, tobacco, products of tobacco, cotton seed, cotton, cattle, swine and food products of cattle and swine."

The proposed law would fix the rates at which the bounty is to be paid. An exporter of wheat, for example, would receive at the port from which the wheat was shipped, a certificate of debenture. This certificate would be transferable. It would be receivable at the United States Treasury in payment of import duties.

The way in which the plan is expected to operate can most conveniently be illustrated in the case of wheat, of which we usually produce a surplus. The price of wheat is determined by world conditions and is based on the price of wheat at Liverpool. When the Liverpool price of wheat is $1.40 per bushel the American exporter can pay about $1.10 per bushel. These facts would fix the price of the wheat used by the domestic consumer, since the American miller would have to bid that much to secure the wheat he needed; otherwise the exporter would take it all. Now if the exporter could pay more than $1.10 per bushel, the domestic price of wheat would of necessity be higher. If the exporter could pay $1.40, the price of the domestic wheat would be $1.40. But since the price of wheat at Liverpool is only $1.40, the exporter cannot pay $1.40 unless he receives a bounty from the government to make up for his loss.

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There are two ways in which this bounty could be paid to the exporter. First, funds could actually be taken from the national treasury to pay this bounty. Secondly, part of the government income received from the tariff on imported manufactured goods could be diverted from the treasury to pay this bounty. This latter idea is the one adopted by the advocates of the "debenture" plan. It is proposed that the exporter receive a certificate from the federal government for each bushel of wheat, in the above illustration $0.30, which would be accepted by the government in payment of the tariff duties on other imported goods. These debentures might not and probably would not be used in this way by the exporter of wheat, but he could sell them at a slight discount to importers of manufactured goods who would use them to pay other tariff duties.

To put the matter in a single sentence: part of the national income now derived from the tariff would be used as a premium on wheat export. The export premium or bounty is one paid not in cash but in tax exemption certificates accepted by the treasurer in payment of imports. It is in effect a tariff rebate to the farmer to compensate him for the inequalities he suffers under the tariff system, and in no sense is it an attempt to reduce the tariff.

The exporter of wheat would have to bid up to the full extent of his power or lose business. The $0.25 or $0.30 received as an export premium would go back to the producer, and the effect would be the same as an actual increase in the Liverpool price to that extent. The farmer would thus receive for his product an American price comparable to the American price now received by the American manufacturer and American workingman. Hamilton, as the Secretary of the Treasury who first proposed the export bounty on agricultural products, recognized that it was in a sense illogical, but no more so than a protective tariff above the point of maximum revenue. But he contended that both a high tariff on imported commodities and an export bounty on agricultural products might actually be desirable in order to serve the interest of both agriculture and industry.

The export debenture plan for farm relief is thus exceedingly simple, apparently very fair and seemingly workable. It adds little to government expense. It requires no large appropriations. It can easily, at any time, be discontinued if need for such procedure should arrive.

It would, of course, divert money now received by the United States Treasury from tariff imports. It would, in effect, bring to agriculture some of the benefits which industry and labor have derived from the tariff. The amount of the money diverted from the tariff by payment of the agricultural export bounty would have to be made up from other sources such as income, profits, taxes and other internal levies. The income derived by the government from the tariff is only 15 percent of the total income. The export debenture plan for farm relief proposes, therefore, to take a portion of the smallest source of the government income for relief of the agricultural industry and to distribute the cost among those best able to bear the burden.

A government expenditure is justifiable if the result benefits a large group of people. Since an export bounty on agricultural products would raise the price of these farm products, the entire farming industry would benefit thereby. The American consumer would not suffer from the stable price the farmer would receive. Under present conditions the price of wheat may fluctuate from $1.00 to $2.00 per bushel, and the price of hogs from $6.40 to $14.00 per hundredweight, yet the price of bread and bacon to the consumer during these fluctuations changes less than 15 percent.

Corn has doubled in price, yet cornflakes and other products produced from corn have remained practically constant. Wide fluctuation and excessive speculation in the price of any food commodity is expensive to the consumer. All remember the effect on the consumer, however, of the wild speculation in sugar just after the end of the world war. A few speculators made fortunes in sugar, the producer was nearly ruined and the consumer paid the bill. The same thing recently happened in the cotton industry. The farmer derived no benefit from the high price of cotton in 1927 which he produced at low prices in 1926. The consumer, however, paid the bill. It is to the interest of the consumer to have food prices stabilized. The debenture plan offers advantages to hold, store and export non-perishable agricultural products, and thus would assist materially in the stabilization of food prices.

The export debenture plan is no more of a subsidy to the farming industry than are the subsidies already given to industry by the tariff, tax exemptions, reclamation projects, or construction of the Muscle Shoals project on the Tennessee River, or the proposed construction of the Boulder Dam on the Colorado River. It is no more of a subsidy than is legislation shortening hours of labor or increasing wages. It is no more of a subsidy than was the giving away of public land to encourage the building of the great railroad systems of the country in the past. If the tariff rates were fixed solely as a means of bringing in revenue, the income derived from this source by the government would be around $1,000,000,000 per year. The high rates imposed, however, exclude such a large amount of goods that the revenue obtained is only actually about $540,000,000 per year. The government already thus gives up some of its revenue as an aid to industry. Who would not give up a little more as an aid to agriculture? The amount of the export bounty paid on agricultural products would not actually exceed one-half of the income derived from the tariff rates.

The debenture idea as applied to agricultural ex-

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ports is no more radical than that of the "remitted tariff duty" from which many lines of foreign industry have benefited in the past. Under the tariff law certain commodities from certain countries are given a reduction in tariff rates. Cuba, for example, under the present tariff law, receives a 20 percent reduction on sugar. This undoubtedly benefits both the manufacturer of sugar and the sugar planter in Cuba, and it is extremely doubtful if it is of advantage to the consumer at all since the price of sugar is maintained by the general tariff rates. During the past twenty years $375,000,000 has been remitted on Cuban sugar in this manner. During the past five years $135,000,000 has been remitted on tariff duties. Money has thus been taken from the United States Treasury for the benefit of manufacturers and foreign producers. Why not do likewise for the benefit of American agriculture?

Undoubtedly the remitted tariff has served to promote commerce and general trade to the great benefit of the American manufacturer, the Cuban sugar planter and other foreign producers. But it certainly has kept money out of the federal treasury. There can, therefore, be no valid argument made against the debenture plan for promotion of agricultural exports on the basis that money will be diverted from the national treasury by its adoption.

The debenture plan would not unduly stimulate increased production of those commodities of which a surplus is already produced. The debenture value of a commodity would be based on the past ten-year average acreage. The debenture value of such a commodity would be decreased in proportion to the increased acreage in any given year. This would tend to check over-production of farm commodities and be an added factor in guided and intelligent production of farm commodities.

The debenture plan for disposal of the farm surplus at an American price would not raise the price of farm commodities abroad. It would not increase the price the purchaser abroad would have to pay. Our exported farm commodities would still enter into competition with those produced elsewhere. The purchaser abroad would have no knowledge that such a plan existed in America. The purchaser of these exported farm commodities abroad does not pay the bounty. The export bounty is paid by the beneficiaries of the present tariff system, since money from tariff duties would be diverted from the national treasury and must be made up from other sources. The farmer's chance of selling his surplus abroad would be just the same as now.

True, if this plan were adopted, foreign governments might be constrained to evoke anti-dumping laws against American farm products so as to increase the farm prices of their respective countries, but this is not probable, as most of the countries which use our farm products are industrial countries and are concerned primarily with cheap food. The question affecting the American farmer is not one of actually getting rid of a surplus commodity. He has always been able to do that, but at such a low price that it is unprofitable, since, under existing conditions, the surplus of his exportable farm commodities must be sold in the markets of the world in competition with the same products produced by cheap foreign labor. The debenture plan for the export of farm commodities is an attempt to protect the American farmer from this competition, just as the American manufacturer and laborer are protected from cheap foreign labor. A direct tariff on farm commodities will not do this, so this indirect means is proposed. It will equalize the benefits derived from the tariff so that the farmer will receive consideration.

The debenture plan has been successfully adopted in Germany, Sweden and other European countries for the promotion of agriculture. It works in those countries. Is there any reasonable ground for not giving it a trial here?

The debenture plan will not cure all the troubles of the farmer. It is not a substitute for good farm management. It will not make a successful farmer out of an inefficient one. It will not bring benefits to the farmer which he can obtain only by organization. It will not remedy the inequalities due to unjust taxation. It will not make good farms out of marginal lands. It is not a substitute for the use of labor-saving machinery and more efficient methods of production. It will not remedy the inequalities due to unjust taxation. ing of farm products. These problems the farmer must solve himself. The debenture plan, however, will bring the benefits of tariff protection to the farmer. It will remove some of the inequalities under which he is now laboring. Since farm legislation of some kind is inevitable this plan offers the simplest, easiest approach to farm adequate relief yet offered. The plan is well worth a trial in America if the tendency to rural decay is to be checked.

Spider-Web

A clock is tick-ticking
In the house—
A shadow is still,
Still as a mouse.

A spider is spinning
A web on the wall—
Nothing is the matter,
Nothing at all—

A spider is spinning
Spin-spin-spin—
Around my shadow,
Drawing me in.

Nothing is the matter
Nothing at all—
Only a spider
Spinning on the wall

BORGHILD LEE.

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RECORDS FOR REMEMBRANCE

By VICTOR SHORT

TO MAKE readers of The Commonweal cognizant of some of the more essential facts in connection with the publication by the Calvert Associates of the advertisements of The Calvert Handbook of Catholic Facts, we present herewith certain of the more relevant documents pertaining thereto.

As to the totally un-American thing, born of "whisperings" that grew into a veritable cyclone of sound and fury, the tornado of bigotry such as the nation has never before witnessed, the candidate who happened to be a Catholic aptly said: "The Church can stand it; I can stand it; but America cannot stand it."

That issue is still before us—lessened, no doubt, by the subsiding campaign, but none the less real, no whit less menacing to the unity, the peace, the prosperity of our land.

What is pertinent now, what might have been questioned as bad taste prior to the election, is to suggest that Catholic associations and Catholic groups of varying special interests yet of whose unity in love of country as well as love for their Church there can be no question, should join the Calvert Associates in securing for The Calvert Handbook the widest possible distribution, to the end that the calumnies that were heaped upon their faith in the heat of political conflict shall be healed and soothed by the powerful emollients of logic and truth.

One of the more striking events of the counter-campaign engendered by the wave of intolerance was the radio address by Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, the distinguished president of Vassar College, a non-Catholic, over a nation-wide chain from Station WJZ. He quoted a most pertinent letter from Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's closest personal friend and counselor. We are presenting below an abstract of Dr. MacCracken's address:

> There is only one real issue in this campaign. It is clericalism, or the church in politics. Certain great branches of the Protestant Church have identified themselves with Volsteadism. They are not willing to discuss, or to tolerate discussion of, the great principle of temperance. The Volstead Act has been erected into a dogma, for which divine inspiration is claimed.
>
> Allied with this great movement is the anti-Catholic movement of the Ku Klux Klan, which has identified itself with the old Know-nothing movement of the fifties. Ku Klux meetings are being held in Protestant churches, and it is idle for anyone to deny the close alliance that exists.
>
> The latest copy of the Fellowship Forum, purchased by me from my news-stand on the way to the train, bears the headline, Protestants Wake Up! That appeal I echo. Wake up, Protestants! Have you forgotten your traditions? Are you ignorant of your own history? Are you willing that your church, which in its very name is a protest against sixteenth-century intolerance, shall in the twentieth century become a byword for the same evil?
>
> The question is not a partizan one. Mr. Herbert Hoover, whom I highly respect both for his record and his great abilities, has spoken out against this peril. A leader of the opposite party, who has not, I think, hitherto spoken on the question, Colonel E. M. House, has written me this letter:
>
> "Dear Dr. MacCracken:—It is pleasant to know that you are to make a talk in behalf of religious tolerance.
>
> "It is a subject that reaches far into our national life and one that can only be settled by the election of Governor Smith.
>
> "Not many years ago it was not thought possible by either the Republican or Democratic party to elect a Catholic to the office of Governor of New York. Occasionally a Catholic was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and during the incumbency of Lieutenant-Governor Glynn the Governor was impeached, leaving the state government under the direction of a Catholic. Much to the surprise of religious bigots, the heavens did not fall, and nothing untoward happened. Later Governor Smith was nominated and elected and has held the office for nearly eight years. While he has been a great administrator, yet his best service to the people of this state has been to remove entirely the question of religion from state politics.
>
> "We find now the Republicans nominating a Jew for Governor. That would not have been possible had not Governor Smith cleared the way by stamping out religious prejudice. If he is elected President, in my opinion, the same beneficent result will follow in the nation. The religious question will be removed from our political life and only the fitness of the candidate for President, and the policies he advocates, will be considered.
>
> "Faithfully yours,
>
> "E. M. House."

Such is the well-considered thought of a distinguished Democrat of Texas. As a northern Protestant Democrat, son and grandson of Presbyterian and Congregational ministers, I am ready to subscribe my own name to this letter. I am not aware of a single case of religious partizanship ever proved against Alfred E. Smith. His cabinet and list of appointments has been bipartizan to a remarkable degree. The issues for which he has fought do not spring from churches. They concern all the people, those outside as well as those inside the great denominations.

I am not, however, making a party speech, though I may be pardoned for letting my stand be clear. I am not contending that the Protestant sects, or any other sects, have not the right to enter the political arena in an organized form. When my friend, the Reverend Dr. Daniel Poling, of New York, proclaims that the church organizations will not be intimidated, and that they will be heard, he is well within his rights. He can swing with him, if he wishes, and is powerful enough

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to effect it, the whole membership of the Christian Endeavor Society, of which he is the president. Not being a member of his church or his society, it would perhaps be impertinent for me to say that I believe he is doing irreparable harm by his activities. For he is dividing the forces of the church. Every time the Christian Church has left its great field of religious principle, and has battled on political expedients, it has lost ground. As a result of the Civil War, there is a Presbyterian Church of the North, and a Presbyterian Church of the South, two rival and unfriendly bodies. The South is suffering yet from that great incursion of the church into political and educational issues, while the North suffered only slightly less.

As against Dr. Poling's opinion, I quote from three of last Sunday's preachers of New York. Dr. Charles Jefferson, Broadway Tabernacle, Congregationalist, said: "How about the clergyman when he goes into the pulpit and speaks as an ambassador of God, an apostle of the Son of God; should he hold one candidate up and the other down? I think not. If he has a congregation of thinking people, he will surely split his congregation."

Dr. Samuel Trexler, President of the Lutheran Synod of New England and New York, said: "Martin Luther did not spend his time making disparaging remarks about the Roman Catholic Church. Protestant churches can readily raise up strife and contention. In doing so, however, they show that they have forgotten their real purpose."

Dr. Albert Riboweg, Saint Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, said: "The church is not a political mentor, but something that includes the whole of life. The church's business is not to form political combines, to control political lobbies, to coerce men into goodness, but to persuade and convince men that right is better than wrong."

With these ministers of the Gospel I take my own stand. I am proud to speak at the invitation of the Calvert Associates, a group of citizens of both parties, of Catholics and Protestants, and I recommend to anyone interested in maintaining the American spirit of tolerance, that they investigate the Calvert Associates, who are engaged not at this time only, but in a continuous effort to eliminate religion as a political test.

Here and there individuals protest, but the great waves of emotion roll on. It is only when a wave of equal emotion brings back the right mind that the danger is past. So I appeal to your loyalty, to the great past, to your gratitude for the liberties already won, to your wish to live in peace and good-will with your neighbors, Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew or agnostic, to resist the present spirit.

We are also presenting the letter of Colonel William J. Donovan, assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States, in which Colonel Donovan objected that the nature of the advertisements was such that they constituted a violation of the pledge of the Calvert Associates to remain politically non-partizan:

My dear Mr. Williams:—I have just been shown an advertisement which, I understand, is to be put out under the auspices of the Calvert Associates. This advertisement first sets forth copies of certain stupid, ignorant and malicious attacks on the Catholic Church and then states that answer to these attacks may be obtained from the Calvert Associates.

I am a Catholic. At your suggestion I became a member of the committee organized under the auspices of the Calvert Associates for the purpose of publishing and distributing accurate information concerning the attitude and teachings of the Catholic Church. I then stated that I did so only on the condition that this committee be in no way identified with one side or the other in this political campaign. I said that in my view the whole question of religious bigotry extended beyond this immediate campaign and that the only way to meet hysteria was by sanity and patience and good example. You assured me that the labors of the committee would be non-sectarian and politically non-partizan. I cannot but look upon the advertisement you are about to print as a violation of this pledge. In the public mind such an advertisement at this hour will be accepted not as primarily a defense of Catholic teaching but as an endeavor to capitalize for political purposes current exhibitions of bigotry.

Bigotry is deplorable. To use it for political purposes is reprehensible. To use, for political purposes, the inevitable reaction of the members of the religious body attacked is equally reprehensible. I feel it my duty not only as a member of the committee but as a Catholic and an American to disassociate myself with equal vigor from both of these violations of the fundamental American principle of the separation of the affairs of religion from the affairs of state.

William J. Donovan.

As a salient part of our record we print below the reply of the editor of The Commonweal to Colonel Donovan:

My dear Colonel Donovan:—I have your letter of October 20. The advertisement which is to be put out under the auspices of the Calvert Associates furnishes the subject of your remarks to me which equally as clearly demand an answer on my part.

You state that, at my suggestion, you became a member of the committee organized under the auspices of the Calvert Associates for the purpose of publishing and distributing accurate information concerning the attitude and the teachings of the Catholic Church. You also state that you did so only on the condition that this committee be in no way on one side or the other in this political campaign. I believe that both these conditions have been carried out. The advertisement is non-sectarian and politically non-partizan. It is a presentation to the public of facts concerning the attack made upon Catholics, and of a handbook designed to supply accurate information concerning the lies and misinformation which have been circulated so extensively throughout the country. I feel certain that the fair-minded public will accept the advertisement primarily and justifiably as a defense not merely of Catholic teaching but of fundamental principles of the American nation.

Personally I believe that were such an advertisement to appear under the auspices of the Democratic party, it would only be a fair expedient in view of the actions of the Republican State Chairman of Virginia, of Mrs. Caldwell of the same committee, of Mr. Street, Repub-

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lican chairman, state of Alabama, and of the Republican committee of New Jersey, as all these bodies and individuals have under their official auspices circulated anti-Catholic literature. But as the Calvert Associates are neither Republican nor Democratic, they are only doing their plain duty in meeting a general attack upon all Catholics, and also upon the fundamental principles as enshrined in the constitution of religious liberty. I deplore the fact that you take a contrary view, particularly when I remember your interest in our work and the many occasions on which you have practically exhibited that interest. I feel under the circumstances that I should return the $200 which you sent for the purpose of aiding in the distribution of the handbook, unless, after reflection, you conclude that as a Catholic and a member of the Calvert Associates, you may properly take part in the distribution of the book which contains nothing politically partizan from cover to cover.

Michael Williams.

It might be pertinent to mention that Colonel Donovan's letter was broadcast over the notorious station WHAP, New York. This station numbers among its sponsors the American Protestant Alliance, 500 Fifth Avenue, whose chief spokesman is William H. Anderson, the discredited former head of the New York Anti-saloon League. Mr. Anderson himself has used this station as a mouthpiece in appealing for funds to support the New Menace and the Fellowship Forum, the two most notorious anti-Catholic publications in America.

Inasmuch as Colonel Donovan saw fit to send a copy of his letter to the press and to all the individuals comprising the group of sponsors of The Calvert Handbook of Catholic Facts, we are printing also a letter from Philip Kates, prominent attorney-at-law, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Colonel Donovan:

My dear Colonel Donovan:—I received from you today a copy of your letter of October 20, to Mr. Michael Williams, editor of The Commonweal. I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Williams, and to each person named in the advertisement referred to by you.

You state that Mr. Williams assured you that the labors of the committee formed to combat bigotry in the United States would be non-sectarian and politically non-partizan. You look upon the advertisement appearing today, under the auspices of the Calvert Associates, as a violation of this pledge. You feel that it will not be accepted at this time as primarily a defense of Catholic teaching, but as an endeavor to capitalize for political purposes, current exhibitions of bigotry.

The attention of the country is now riveted on this propaganda. If the work of a committee to eliminate bigotry is to be efficacious, it should expose the maliciousness behind that propaganda at the very moment, if possible, of its most bitter intensity.

To ask that the facts be withheld from the American people until after the election, is to ask that Mr. Hoover and the Republican candidates in many of the states receive an inequitable advantage from such silence; which I am sure you, and all patriotic Republicans, would not wish them to receive.

The campaign should be fought on political and economic grounds; and in many places it is not being so fought out. One should not say that because certain members of the Republican committee and one member of the staff of the Attorney-General are attempting through the spread of this propaganda to consolidate the Protestant churches against Governor Smith, the Republican party is behind this movement. But neither should one say, as you do in your letter to Mr. Williams, that because a committee is attempting to expose this propaganda before all, and not merely a part of the American people, and to answer it, that committee is attempting to consolidate the Catholic vote for Governor Smith.

Propaganda against the Catholic Church is not new; it is always in use. But at the present time its intensity and wide distribution unmistakably prove that it is being lavishly financed because of its effect in the campaign. Money is being spent upon, and not collected from, bigotry; as was the case some years ago. The effect of this propaganda can scarcely be understood, except by those who are obliged to combat it in their daily lives.

I am a Catholic, as you are. But I live in Oklahoma, and you live in Washington and Boston. Life is somewhat more difficult when one knows that his social and business contacts are infected with the leprous tinge of the insane thought that is being forced on the country today.

The poison is working, as it worked five and four and three years ago, in the time of Klan domination in the Southwest. You have never had your clients forbidden to employ you because you were a Catholic. I have. You have never had your children come home from the public schools to ask you if it were true that the Catholics would burn down those schools if they could. I have. You have never had to consider seriously moving to another city, because of your religion. I have.

Those conditions were gone for good, we had thought, until this campaign opened. Republican campaign speakers and writers say that the Catholics have brought up the religious question. I know that it was not considered at all, until it became evident that some centralized group was fomenting religious hatred and prejudice. To permit it to go on without answer was to invite the conditions of a few years ago. To permit it to go on under cover was to view the beginning of a cleavage of our citizens based upon distrust, and resulting in mutual ostracism. The results of that condition were seen in many towns in Oklahoma in the Klan days. Those towns today are dead; and the merchants of those towns are ruined. And this statement is neither metaphorical nor exaggerated.

I feel that your letter to Mr. Williams is unfortunate; and upon consideration, I feel that you will agree in this.

Philip Kates.

Perhaps it is not impertinent to remark at this point that while a few readers have misunderstood our motive in giving publicity to such an ugly situation while a political campaign was in progress, an overwhelming majority of the letters received express unqualified endorsement. To date there has been but one resignation from, while there has been a considerable accession to, the Calvert Associates membership.

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RECOGNITION AND COMMON SENSE

By BOYD-CARPENTER

DURING the past few weeks the press has announced gravely that China has been granted full recognition by the United States government and that no formal declaration will, or need, be made indicating the status of the nationalist government.

It might have been more correct if this announcement had embodied the real facts, instead of slurring over the position. From the Chinese records, which form part of the American records, it is quite obvious that the signature of the treaty regulating the tariff relations between China and America constitutes recognition as and when ratified.

The danger in recognizing a government which is the product of a revolution lies in the fact that the new engagements, of whatever sort, may be repudiated should a counter-revolution be successful. Political business may be conducted by foreign powers and the parties to a revolution through the various stages of negotiation, though if these negotiations are finally embodied in a treaty, or exchange of notes, or other binding form, this will amount to recognition. In the case of a belligerent not yet successful, such negotiations may, taken with other incidents and facts, be construed as intervention on behalf of the party with whom they are conducted and concluded. But when one party to a revolution appears to have gained complete control of the government, and provided the foreign power is well satisfied as to the stability of its control, such engagements or exchange of notes are construed as those entered into between equals, and thus constitute recognition. The Sino-American exchange of notes, and the treaty regulating the tariff regulations, constitute in themselves recognition. This took place on the twenty-fifth day of the seventh month of the seventeenth year of the republic of China in a formal manner; again, the fall of Pekin in itself constituted an international fact of far-reaching importance, as indicating the elimination of warring factions in China, and the apparent political unity of the Chinese people behind the Nanking government; plainly a nominal, if not an actual, unity.

Indeed, the nationalist manifesto did not hesitate to mention that this military-achieved unity did constitute recognition, because of the implied necessity that in future all active international relations would have to be conducted with one government, for the solution of the temporary or outstanding problems. In some measure this prediction has been verified as, since the fall of Pekin, the nationalist government has made two treaties: the American-Chinese and a Chinese-German—so recognition of the republican government proceeds.

Meanwhile the apostolic delegate in China has received, by telegram, a message from His Holiness, the Pope, for promulgation to the bishops and clergy in China, which has created considerable and cautious curiosity as to what developments may flow from this act. One passage indicates plainly the papal attitude:

> The Catholic Church professes, teaches and preaches respect and obedience to legitimately constituted authorities, and that it requests for its missionaries and faithful, the liberty and security of the common law.

This and subsequent paragraphs inculcating the practice and dissemination of Christian ideals have been commented upon by the Italian and Chinese press as most important steps renouncing the special privileges for missionaries, from which the press deduced the fact that the Vatican was of the opinion, and possibly had ample assurance, that the Chinese national government possessed elements of permanence.

The past forty-five years of papal policy toward China are recalled by this telegraphic communication to the apostolic delegate in China. For as far back as 1883, Pope Leo XIII actually appointed an apostolic delegate to Pekin, but when the news of this appointment became public, Monsieur Lefébre, the French ambassador, opposed the plan so vigorously and persistently, even going so far as to threaten a rupture of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican, that in the end the appointment was withdrawn.

The matter slept until 1919 when Pope Benedict XV, upon the request of the republican government in Pekin, considered the appointment of a papal nuncio to China—once again the French government protested, but this time it concentrated its efforts upon the Pekin government with such strenuousness that finally China, making explanations to the Vatican, yielded to the French protests.

The year 1924 saw the climax of this matter, for when the Pope proceeded to the appointment of an apostolic delegate to China, Monsieur Herriot decided to suppress the French embassy at the Vatican, but was compelled to leave a chargé d'affaires, whose duty was to deal with those matters concerning Alsace Lorraine which were governed by the concordat. For some time the press debated this matter with a degree of liveliness, but after the Secretary of State of the Vatican had plainly indicated in an official communiqué that the apostolic delegate would confine himself to purely religious matters, and that he would not possess any diplomatic character, and that because of these factors it did not appear that the protests of the French government were possessed of any solid or reasonable foundation, the controversy died away.

Today the renunciation of all special privileges in

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China and request only for liberty for its missionaries and faithful with the security of the common law, marks the end of extraterritorial demands, and of the gay days of which Abbé Huc speaks, in describing his departure from Ta-Chien-Lu dressed, as he says, in his "sky-blue robes in the newest fashion of Pekin . . . with satin boots adorned with soles of dazzling whiteness . . . with the red sash and yellow cap," these last two being the attributes of imperial majesty and apparently affording the two priest missionaries an immunity which was not far removed from that of modern envoy.

So traveled the two French fathers—Huc and Gabet—wearing the badges of imperial prestige—possibly because then, as now, the world was largely governed by deep instincts. From 1928 to 1689 may seem a far cry, but recognition as a principle was then under consideration, for in that year the first known treaty between China and foreign power was signed, fixing the boundaries of the two empires.

In the entourage of the Chinese envoys there traveled as official interpreters two distinguished Jesuit priests, Pére Jean François Gerbillion, known to the Chinese as a Chang Chéng, and Pére Thomas Pereyra, known as Hsu-Jih-Sheng. The former was a Frenchman, the latter a Portuguese. Into the discrepancies disclosed on reading the Russian and Chinese accounts of this conference it is not necessary to go, but after twenty-seven days of tortuous discussion and two bad crises, the treaty was signed and copies were exchanged on August 27; the Russians presenting two copies, one in Latin and one in Russian, the Chinese producing and handing to the Russians one in Latin and one in the Manchu dialect. But it is curious to note that it was the Latin copy which was signed and sealed officially and received by both parties as the binding text. The two Jesuit priests had written the Latin copies—a language of which the Chinese were ignorant, but which was to a large extent the language of polite and diplomatic society in Europe at that day.

The presence of the Jesuit priests in China at this time was not an accident, for the Catholic Church had had missionaries and emissaries in far eastern Asia for many years prior to this date of 1689, among whom the best known are Andrew of Long-Jumeau, John of Monte Corvino, William of Ru-Bruguis. The second of these was appointed shortly after his arrival in Pekin, then spoken of as Khan Balig (Can Baluc) as archbishop, with seven suffragans, by Pope Clement V. John of Monte Corvino remained as archbishop of Pekin until his death in 1330, being succeeded in that position by Nicholas Bonnet. The method of reaching China and the far eastern countries had usually been by land journeys. But owing to the turbulent invasion of central Asia by Tamerlane the Great, and his continued hold on these and other areas, missionaries and traders frequently sought to reach China, Japan and the islands of the Pacific by the sea routes.

It was by the sea that Xavier, Ricci, Schall von Bell, Gaubil, Visdelow, Verbiest, De la Croix, and many others went to China and left therein records of service of their order, as well as planting in the minds of the Chinese themselves no small part of that admiration of western knowledge which the modern youth of China so ardently seeks.

TELLING TIME

By MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

IT WAS the opening sentence of an article on clocks that first set us to considering the whole strange business of telling time. "The measurement of time," it ran, "has always been based on the revolution of the celestial bodies."

That stately assertion was enough; we forgot the specific information we had sought in the encyclopedia and instead let our fancy wander unchecked down the alluring by-paths which find their starting-point in time.

It is a far cry, we said, from those celestial origins to our modern attitude toward the measurers of time. We of the western hemisphere treat our timepieces with terrifying frivolity. We set electric clocks to the degrading office of spy upon the tardy shop-girl. The wrist watch, that during the war became the companion of heroes, pointing the solemn zero hour to many a brave young soldier, has sunk again to ignoble duties, has become a jewel on the wrists of idle women or the agency by which the traffic officer checks our reckless pushings toward unimportant goals. We juggle the clock hands in order to crowd a little more into the worker's day and we pride ourselves on this shrewd saving of time. But of time's continuity, of its beginnings in the morning of the world, of its march toward a hidden goal, we are as careless as if it were of our own invention, to be discarded when some clever youngster shall have devised a newer mechanical substitute.

How differently, we thought, do they treat the tellers of time in the older countries from which we have lately come. Looked at in perspective our wanderings along the Mediterranean dissolve themselves into a sort of progress through the history of recorded time. There was that first landing on the bright African coast where, on a ruined arch among the poppies, we came upon pieces of a clepsydra that our guide would have had us believe dated back to the days of hapless Dido. He mustered his scanty English in an attempt to explain the workings of this, one of the old-

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est tellers of time. "Clepsydra, water steals," he murmured helplessly, and the bold little Arab who had left his goats to run by our side took up the story in a shrill precocious chant: "See, lady, water flows, time goes. Water flows, time goes, lady, see."

It was a clepsydra that long ago crowned the exquisite little Tower of the Winds in Athens and pointed the hour to chattering young men as they strolled up to the Acropolis to hear some new thing. The Romans, always running to the Greeks for ideas, doubtless took the clepsydra from this source and bent it to their own practical uses. It is said that there was a clepsydra in the forum fitted with a bell to check tedious orators when their time was up, and there is the story of one long-winded orator who used secretly to add water to the clock to gain a few extra minutes. Once when he paused to cool his taxed throat with a glass of water an exasperated hearer cried out that it would be more to the point if he drank from the clepsydra itself.

How the hour-glass came to be the special symbol of old time we do not know, but since the beginning of history the whispering away of minutes in sand has seemed to have a solemnity all its own. Men haggled in the market place to the filtering of the clepsydra, near the shadow of the sun-dial they tasted the sweetness of passion and repose, but it was to the draining of the hour-glass that they prayed, repented and died. There are heavily-mounted sand-glasses gathering dust in dark chapels among the relics of saints and kings; we find them carved on crumbling tombs and painted on the stiff canvases of Cimabue's day. Impressive time-keepers these, scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with the modern trinket by which our breakfast egg is regulated. And solemnest of all is that great sextet of glasses which legend assigns to King Louis IX of France; perhaps the very glasses that stood by the low couch strewn with ashes when the great king turned his face to the Carthaginian sky and murmured a last prayer for his beloved son, Monsieur Phillippe. "And then did the sands of his life run out on that same houre on which our Lord Christ dyed upon the cross."

The sun-dial has, I fancy, been the favorite time-keeper through the ages. We have sun-dials in our own gardens, yet here they never seem quite at home as in the Latin countries. We remember one in a neglected garden of Andalusia that was the very genius of the place. It stood on the sunny flagging before a quiet pool whose far end melted into the green twilight of orange and lemon trees, garlanded with Persian roses. Through a long afternoon we watched the shadow creep about that intricately carven plate with its Arabic figures, placed there by a Moorish king for the lady of his delight. Not with dropping water but with creeping shadow were the daylight hours marked for that lost and lovely lady, and, when shadow finally claimed the whole garden, doubtless night was made measurable and alive with expectation for her as it was now for us by the voice of a small brown bird singing his passion in the dusk beyond the pool.

Nearly all Italian gardens have sun-dials at their hearts, a custom that dates back into Roman days. Dr. Willis Milham in his delightful book, Time and Time-keepers, quotes some amusing lines ascribed to the poet Plautus, which begin in the following strain:

> The gods confound the man who first found out
> How to distinguish hours—confound him too
> Who in this place set up a sun-dial
> To cut and hack my days so wretchedly
> Into small pieces. When I was a boy
> My belly was my sun-dial, one more sure,
> Truer and more exact than any of them.

We find it hard to sympathize with the carping mood of the Roman epicure, for to us sun-dials seem the least obtrusive of all tellers of time. Those reticent shadows, creeping by fixed law among the fickle shadows of leaf and bird, must bring home their message by the mottoes graven upon their plates. How well we came to know some of those mottoes, how we wearied in three languages of the cheerful platitude, "I number only sunny hours." The old makers of dials had a larger sense of time's significance than that: witness the fine "Hay mas tiempo que vida," found in more than one Spanish garden; the stately "Umbra dei" of a mediaeval Italian dial, or that crooked Latin warning we found in a deserted Carthusian garden one soft day when the mignonette was in bloom. "Son, the shadow falls," it said. The words dropped into our careless sight-seeing consciousness like the slow strokes of a bell, blotting out the busy hum of bees and chilling the sun for us.

Clocks, like sun-dials, seem in Italy to have found their true home. I shall never forget our first night in Venice when we waked to hear midnight tolled from the high tower by San Marco. With almost malignant deliberation the big Goths hammered out the hour, and scarcely was the last stroke stilled than from the Giudecca a mellower voice took up the story. Then from every one of the sleeping islands the bells rang out, seaward-lying Malamocco holding the last long-drawn note.

Midnight, we thought, had not lost its meaning here. Ghosts might walk to the stately measure of those island bells, and if murder were done it would be with a gesture lacking in the new world, the dagger flash of Shakespearean tragedy instead of the sordid crime police records perpetuate. Those whose lives ebbed at midnight, with what circumstance would they pass and how silently in the grey dawn would the gondoliers in their black and silver cloaks ferry them to their last resting place on the cypress-guarded island while all the clocks of Venice again gave tongue, recording time to ears that could hear no longer.

All through Italy we were continually made aware

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of the dignity and mystery of time. We shall never again feel indifferent to the minute since we have watched it pass on the face of the town clock at Todi. And setting out from Siena at nineteen o'clock seemed to bring us to the very confines of time, giving us an understanding of the heart of Odysseus when he first saw the cloudy pillars of Hercules looming against the west.

How terrible time can be for the young—that too, we understand since we have stood in the little boudoir of Bianca Capello in the palace of Poggio a Cajano and have looked upon her clock. Practically a prisoner here for five years with the gloomy husband who for love of her had murdered his poor duchess, the golden-haired Venetian girl, undone by her own devouring passions, had for her only solace the little toy that has outlived her so many centuries. The old custodian opens the shuttered windows and lets a shaft of moted sunlight fall upon the round glass case, and there we may study the extravagant fancy at our leisure: the ornate clock face above a tiny artificial garden with toy trees perpetually green, with faded flowers along a foolish little rill; and as the guard proudly sets the whirring mechanism in motion the little birds jump about on their wires and sing their faint ghostly songs to mark the hour. Outside the window lies the garden where the lady Bianca might have walked, and in the garden are copses the nightingales love, but legend says that she sat all day long in the shuttered room watching the empty minutes pass and listening to the passionless trill of the toy birds. Maybe she feared that living garden, knowing that its warmth and beauty would complete the breaking of her heart.

With all her long contemplation of her toy, did the poor lady come to any understanding with time, we wonder? Certainly to us who linger in the dim room, time seems to have a word to say. We gaze at the sensuous trinkets, at the trumpery pictures, at the satin and damask that can no longer please, and our cluttered minutes take on a bleak perspective that fairly stops the heart. For our comfort we recall the picture of a far different room than this where a girl of our own day listened to time grown audible and, being a poet, set down his message for us:

> The little clock upon the table ticking
> Tells of a world where measured moments pass.
> Outside, the grass
> Pursues its rhythm in undivided time.
> The trees move strangely to their secret rhyme.
> Sudden the dreamy cat has ceased his licking
> And waits paw-poised upon the quiet air,
> Discerning there,
> As the sharp instants fast
> Fall from the dying present to the past,
> The grave pulsations of the greater flood
> Moving toward a bourne not understood,
> Wherefrom—as scudding waves from the sea's rest,
> Our life lifts up its crest!

THE HOLY WELL

By W. M. LETTS

RAIN had been drifting all the morning. The great plain of Louth, Muirthenine of Cuchulain's time, was a sea of mist. Even now, though a pale sun smiled wanly once through a thin cloud, the rain fell again and again.

We had climbed the long, rough hill and reached Faughart, that ancient, holy place where Brigit, the great saint, was born. On the first Sunday after Lady Day in harvest, there is a pilgrimage from Dundalk: the band plays, the people and the clergy arrive and the glories of Brigit are enhanced, but I would rather think of her well and her stream in the soft grey of the wet August afternoon, and the placid loneliness of the rain.

The little stream, still so holy, splashes gently down between stones and over gravel beneath the rustling beeches. It slips under the road and slides among meadow-sweet and willow herb, through alders and hazels. The drenching, sweet honeysuckle overhangs it and great umbels of angelica star its course. I remembered what old Kate had told us. "It is a holy place and a gentle place, too. Didn't me own mother take me brother there forby he was lame? But he wasn't cured of that, but he was cured of a sickness and a blessed sickness it was to him. But at long last she took him to Saint Winifred's well in Wales." Here now was the holy place and the gentle.

A big stone is marked with the saint's knee and a little further is the stone where she tore her eye out to mar her beauty and save her from the pagan lover whose passion would have snatched her from the quest of her soul. There is the mark of the whip's lash that he brought down in anger on another stone.

Here on an old thorn tree hang innumerable medals, beads and pathetic rags; and the twisted roots are dotted with buttons, offerings of grateful clients, less well endowed than those who erected the two wooden shelters that contain gaily imagined likenesses of the saint. There was one that made us linger—a colored print of a picture by Tuohy. You have Brigit looking the worn, dominant woman that she must have been. She is wearing a red habit and there is no conventional meekness in her look.

It is strange that feminism seemed a new thing to many people, that they thought it a modern development unknown to a time that saw Saint Hilda ruling monks and nuns in Northumbria, dictating wisdom to bishops, and Brigit in a chair of state rivaling the archbishop's at Kildare. As a fact it seems that woman has lost much of her power and influence in the Church.

But standing by Brigit's stream among the thorns and hazels in the soft, clinging rain I pictured a younger Brigit. I saw her a red-haired girl, her hair the red of an Irish setter's back, her eyes grey and rather wide apart, the skin of her neck creamy when she turned to look to her cows, and I thought of her as Brigit, the saint of homesteads, she who, on the first day of February, brings the young lambs in a little bleating flock behind her in the grey light of dawn. I saw her as that Brigit who peeps into the cradles to bless the babies who laugh, I know, when they see the smiling face that their mothers cannot see. That is the Brigit of Faughart, that holy and gentle place on the hill which rises above the great plain of Louth.

Old Kate has promised me a straw cross, that they call Saint Brigit's cross. I shall put it above my door to keep the house from evil spells.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Jealousy

TITLES can be very dangerous things. They may have something quite obvious to do with a play and yet be quite misleading as to its real theme. This was eminently true in the case of Machinal. The title indicated that the theme of the play had to do with the action of the machine age on definite types of characters, whereas it turned out that the play was merely the study of a neurotic moron who might have lived and murdered and suffered for the murder in any age of the world. In much the same way, Jealousy is a very misleading title for Eugene Walter's play based on the French original by Louis Verneuil. Jealousy does motivate the plot, but it is by no means the theme of the play. The real theme is falsehood and its consequences.

Valerie decides to marry Maurice because she is deeply and sincerely in love with him. But she conceals from him the fact that she has placed herself under heavy obligation to a rich banker and must remain the banker's mistress even while married to Maurice. The situation involves her in an increasingly complicated web of lies until, too late, she is obliged to confess the truth, and her husband kills the banker. In other words, it is not jealousy but falsehood which causes the climax. A much more interesting play could have been written about the disastrous effects of unreasoning and unjust jealousy, but Mr. Verneuil has thrown this chance overboard for the much more obvious and everlasting triangle.

Where Jealousy does differ from its innumerable prototypes is in having only two characters. There is not even a maid or a butler, and although the presence of the banker is felt intensely throughout the action, the author has actually achieved a dramatic tour de force of extraordinary difficulty in maintaining the interest through three acts with only the husband and the wife as on-stage characters. It is the most successful effort of this kind I have ever seen. Considered purely as a technical stunt, it is well worth careful study by those interested in unusual dramatic mechanism.

But it takes more than mechanism to convince an audience, and to leave that impression of universality which gives a play distinction and a reasonable grip on one's imagination. It would have been vastly more interesting, for example, if this play had really dealt with the destructive effects of jealousy; if the banker had really been, as Valerie pretends at first, her guardian. Instead of a traditional French triangle play, we should then have had a four-cornered piece—the husband and wife, the banker and the phantom figure of the banker as conjured up in the husband's mind. The twisting of innocent facts into damning evidence of guilt, the unreasoning outbursts, the momentary respites, the renewed fury and the ultimate murder—all these possibilities could have been developed to a point where they would have had meaning and significance for countless homes where love is poisoned by suspicion and lack of faith. Such a play would have justified its title and pointed a problem of ageless interest and importance.

The two characters in the Verneuil play are acted by Fay Bainter and John Halliday. It seems to me that they come through their herculean task with colors flying. Certainly it is much the best work I have ever seen Miss Bainter do, above all in the intensity of feeling she expresses and the variety of emotion. She is not a highly colorful personality, and it might easily be that a more glamourous actress would have enriched the author's picture. But regarded solely as acting, one can sing only praise. John Halliday does not quite get the jump on his lines. In other words, he expresses his emotions simultaneously with his lines, so that his frequent outbursts of jealous suspicion have a disconcerting and slightly comic effect. It is part of the superbly polished art required for such an ordeal that the actor should prepare you so completely for a sudden shift of mood, that by the time he speaks his lines, you feel them as entirely real and logical. A shade of expression or a slight hesitation is often enough to accomplish this. Mr. Halliday does not quite live up to his opportunity. (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

Revolt

LET me say at once that in spite of a disastrous third act, Harry Wagstaff Gribble's new play is far and away the best of that long series dealing with the errors of evangelical religion. In the first place, it is written with obvious sincerity, and little or no desire to exploit a sensational theme. Mr. Gribble is plainly trying to utter something more than a trite attack on professional evangelism. He is trying to reach beneath the surface of today's discontent and to discover why certain groups of professed Christians have made of their religion a thing of stern sadness, personal intolerance and harrowing repressions.

He is not wholly successful in his attempt because, like Bernard Shaw, and with rather less skill, he has set up something of a straw man in his minister, Barnabas Ford. I have no doubt that Mr. Gribble could name the original of this character. But that only points the difference between dramatic truth (which necessitates a certain universal quality) and literal truth, which deals in particulars. Barnabas Ford is too rigid to make a good dramatic foil for the younger members of his family who are "in revolt." The play comes to life and reality chiefly when he is off stage and the youngsters are left to themselves.

Like nearly all such plays, it tends to discredit, by inference, the whole of organized Christianity, and to seek refuge only in a sort of sentimentalized reverence for the historic figure of Christ. In that sense, it is more destructive than enlightening. But it so obviously springs from the well of personal experience, shock and disillusionment that it should be accepted as a document of the day and treated with understanding. The dramatic construction is poor (several important incidents of plot being merely fortuitous, and the last scene an unmotivated contradiction of the earlier ones) but the dialogue is intelligent and forceful and the characterization exceedingly clear until very near the end. What I most like about it, in contrast to the Elmer Gantry type of explosion, is that it credits all parties concerned with sincerity. It does not treat religion as deliberate hypocrisy. And the discerning person quickly discovers that the youngsters in revolt are genuine seekers for a middle path. They have a definite spiritual aspiration of their own and simply don't know where to turn. What they are fighting is not the mystical possibilities of a life-giving Christianity, but a crude literalism that has hardened itself into bigotry.

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The general effect of sincerity is much heightened by an excellent cast. Elizabeth Allen as the daughter, Hope, is delightfully simple and restrained, and Eunice Stoddard as another daughter, Charity, celebrates her first appearance on Broadway by an appealingly direct and genuine performance. Hugh Buckler as Ford carries out the playwright's intentions almost too literally, but Ackland Powell as his son does admirably. Helene Lackaye contributes delicious comedy as the mother of a girl evangelist, Edna, whose part, in turn, is well taken by little Anita Fugazy. (At the Vanderbilt Theatre.)

Americana

JUST what can we say about the latest escapade of the versatile J. P. McEvoy? It is another of those pseudo-intimate reviews which seek to catch the fleeting facets of American life and somehow, catch little more than the lead mold. It is always just going to be amusing and original, but seldom actually pushes beyond the lines of the obvious, the trite or the vulgar.

It is, after all, not unlike the music which Roger Wolfe Kahn has written for it—boisterous but reminiscent. Mr. McEvoy's sketches are not pointed by any original wit. The tabloid murder idea has been done to death. So has the burlesque of the subscription theatre drive. The difficulties of a man in an upper Pullman berth were discovered, I imagine, with the first Pullman. So, too, with the sketch taking off the new speaking movie. It is amusing enough, and certainly gratifying to the determined foes of the talkies, but hardly new in general inspiration. The rubber heels sales convention does not even approach the after-dinner rotary speech in the first edition of Americana two years ago. The Chicago school being conducted between a rain of gunman bullets is a shade better than most of the sketches, in spite of all Chicago jokes being worn thin at the elbows. A satire on the modern prize-fight becomes a silly and obvious burlesque through extreme exaggeration. The only sketch with some point is a satirical enactment of the first half of Strange Interlude, in which five minutes suffices to tell a story which Eugene O'Neill has elaborated on for two hours and a half. Having the actors on roller skates is what we might term, with great nicety, a nice point!

At several intervals in the review, good use is made of radio mechanism to produce novel effects. There is also some swift dancing by colored dancers, and one quite delightful number, called Chain Gang, sung by a double colored quartette, costumed as Negro convicts working on a lonely road at sunrise. Just why the review as a whole should seem trite and boring is not easy to explain, but there hangs about it something of the atmosphere of the professional humorist trying to maintain his reputation. In other words, it lacks spontaneity and freshness. What originality it can boast is largely that of technical stunts rather than of viewpoint. (At the Mansfield Theatre.)

Speaking of Gordon Craig

BY WAY of prelude to an important event, all lovers of the newer methods in stage design would do well to dip into the pages of the current Theatre Arts Monthly, and examine the sketches of Gordon Craig's settings for a new production of Macbeth, in which Margaret Anglin is shortly to reappear in New York. The importance of the event is heightened by the fact that this is the first play with designs entirely by Craig to be given in America. Indirectly his influence has deeply penetrated the finest work of our younger stage artists.

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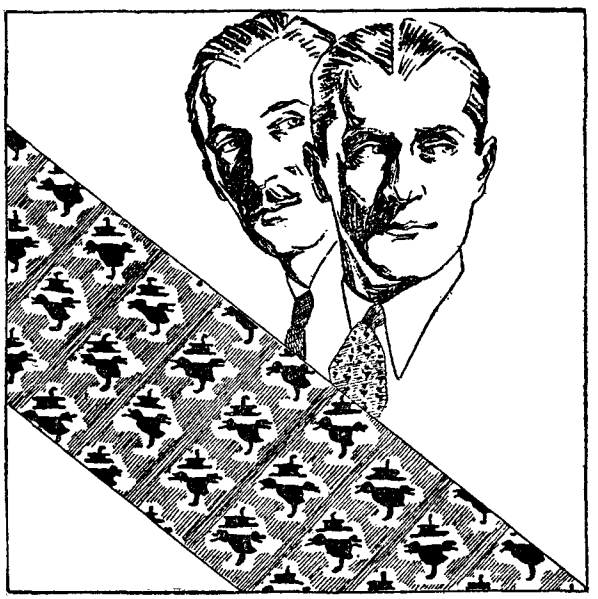

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BOOKS

The Plight of Trotzky

The Real Situation in Russia, by Leon Trotzky; translated by Max Eastman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

FIVE years ago, when Lenin lay dying and deprived of speech, he prepared the document which has since been known as his Testament, forecasting the troubles which have come upon the Communist party. In this Testament, he dwelt most solemnly on the possibility of a split in the Central Committee and sought for means to assure stability.

"I think that the fundamental factor in the matter of stability," he wrote, "is such members of the Central Committee as Stalin and Trotzky. The relation between them constitutes, in my opinion, a big half of the danger of that split, which might be avoided, and the avoidance of which might be promoted, in my opinion, by raising the number of members of the Central Committee to fifty or one hundred."

What Lenin foresaw has come to pass. Stalin, the slow, hard-headed peasant from the Caucasus, has quietly acquired supreme power through the bureaucracy which Bolshevism took over from czarism; Trotzky, the super-efficient little Jewish genius who improvised a red army and saved Russia from dismemberment and counter-revolution, has been crushed in the party, his following has been over-awed, his views suppressed and he himself hustled off to an administrative post in Siberia which is indistinguishable from exile. The tendency toward rapprochement with the European bourgeoisie and capitalists, which Trotzky denounced in Stalin, has proceeded and the exploits of the ice-breaker Krassin in saving aviators and tourists in the Arctic wastes, have given the Soviet régime a world-wide "good press" for the first time since it came into existence.

It is impossible for the average American, who does not share the abstruse fears and fervors of the Communists, to avoid a certain satisfaction at Trotzky's plight. It is the old story of the biter bit. When he complains at having his views suppressed and his record falsified, when Mr. Eastman objects to the purpose and manner of his exile, one simply cannot help thinking of the social democrats, the monarchists, the intellectuals and the bourgeoisie, who have suffered similar and far worse things at the hands of Trotzky. He states his case, it is true, purely in terms of Marxian ethics and Leninist theology, but his complaint is the human wail of the zealot who is himself served as he has served others.

His book consists of three parts. The first is the account of his speech to the Central Committee that expelled him a year ago. As forensic literature goes, it is excellently logical, concise and spirited. Some day it may rank with Communist school children as Burke's speech on the American Revolution ranks with us. He accuses the Stalinists of fear of the opposition platform.

"Rudeness and disloyalty go hand in hand with cowardice," he cries. "You have hidden our platform—rather, you have tried to hide it. What does fear of a platform mean? Everybody knows: fear of a platform is fear of the mass. . . . A dictatorship of the officialdom is terrorizing our party, which is supposed to be the highest expression of the proletarian dictatorship. In terrorizing the party, you are diminishing its ability to hold in fear the enemies of the proletariat."

One's heart bleeds at the thought of the Communist party unable to terrorize its opponents because the Stalinist group is engaged in terrorizing the Trotzkian minority.

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The bulk of the volume, however, is taken up with the suppressed program of the minority, a point-by-point demonstration that Stalin is a heretic to the gospel according to Saint Lenin. Stalin is "zig-zagging," now to the Communist left, now to the bourgeois right, and each swoop leaves him a little farther away from Bolshevism and a little nearer to capitalism. The greater part of the opposition program deals with matters of internal administration of Marxian dogma; it is of little interest to the average non-Russian. What will interest the latter, however, is Trotzky's diagnosis of the international situation. Like many other discomfited parliamentarians, Trotzky threatens war if his advice is not followed.

"A war of the imperialists against the Soviet union is not only probable, but inevitable," he asserts. "It is perfectly clear now that imperial England has a broader plan of activity. She is preparing a war against the Soviet union, having a 'moral mandate' from the bourgeoisie of several other countries, and intending by one means or another to drag into the war against us Poland, Roumania and the Baltic states, and perhaps also Jugoslavia, Italy and Hungary.

"In case of an attack, America, having preserved her wholly irreconcilable attitude to the Soviet union, would play the rôle of the imperialist 'rear.' The significance of this rôle would be the greater, because she is just the one to guarantee the financing of a war against the Soviet union."

Trotzky's specific for the situation—and he says that Lenin would approve it—is to reënforce Russia's support to the international revolution, consolidate the ranks of the party, break with the Kuomintang in China and support the Chinese Communist party, do everything to prevent war and everything to prepare for it if it comes, and drive the Kulak, the Nepman and the bureaucrat from power in Moscow. Considering that it is just such tactics which have made an anti-Russian conflict thinkable, one is inclined to doubt his logic.

The final portion of Trotzky's book consists of chapter and verse complaints that Stalin has falsified history, and that upon Trotzky has descended the mantle of Lenin, not Stalin.

So far as this book goes, it is prima facie evidence of the psychological inevitability of the split in Russian policy and so affords an insight into the obscure workings of history. If Trotzky is right, the split means another world war. Perhaps he is over-optimistic.

JOHN CARTER.

Assumption in Religion

The Science of Religion: An Introduction, by Lewis Guy Rohrbaugh. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

CAN there be such a thing as a "science of religion"? Lewis Guy Rohrbaugh, professor of philosophy and religious education in Dickinson College, fervently believes not only that there can be but that there is. Perhaps the matter is merely a question of definition. If by religion one means "religious experience," and if by science one means simply "an organized body of knowledge," then plainly we already have today a kind of a science of religion. Professor Rohrbaugh, however, means considerably more than this. His volume, he writes, "aims at a reasonable explanation of religious phenomena, depending chiefly upon psychological findings, but at the same time using the contributions of other sciences." The "other sciences" which he specifically mentions are geology, astronomy, physics, biology and history.

The results of all these sciences seem, however, insufficient to yield the desiderated "explanation," for Professor Rohrbaugh

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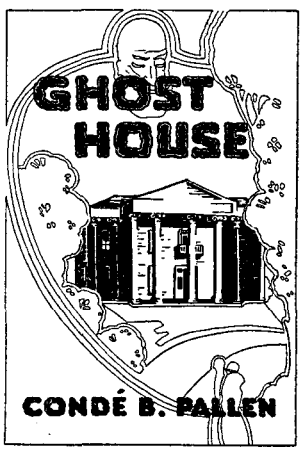

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continues with a further interesting statement. "To the student inclined to a strict positivism, it may seem unscientific to assume the existence and activity of a supernatural power, which unfailingly makes for righteousness, and which is unhesitatingly called mind, spirit, God. But this presupposition should not be objectionable." One smiles to think of the scorn with which this easy-going method of "assumption" would have been greeted by the supposedly credulous scholastics. Professor Rohrbaugh proceeds in the approved Protestant manner, using the concept of God as a "hypothesis," which he remembers when he gets into difficulties but forgets the rest of the time. The result is a bad mingling of theology, philosophy and science.

The seven chapters after the introduction treat of the creative process, the developing conception of God, the nature of religion, conversion, prayer, mysticism and immortality. The author outlines the nebular and planetesimal theories, discusses the origin of life, and defends the evolutionary hypothesis. He then draws heavily upon anthropology for an account of the development of religion from manaism to monotheism. Psychology furnishes the guide in the chapter on the nature of religion in which the author comes to the conclusion that it is chiefly through the intimate organic and kinesthetic senses that the apprehension of religious truth is gained. (Once more one thinks of the scholastics and smiles.) As a good Protestant, the author lays great stress upon the phenomena of conversion, defends prayer on pragmatic grounds, and is somewhat distrustful of mysticism. The final chapter on immortality sets forth the various conceptions of it which have been held and summarizes the conventional arguments for and against it.

The richness of experience which one demands in a work on religion is singularly lacking in Professor Rohrbaugh's volume, and a sentence or two will sufficiently illustrate his stylistic poverty. "All such experiences make it seem certain that real business is being transacted somehow in a region independent of direct consciousness." "And just the same as a work of art may be considered first class when it appeals to a large number of the senses, so a religious experience is richest when the whole group of senses play a part."

GLADYS GRAHAM.

An Apologia for the Red Man

Some Memories of a Soldier, by Major-General Hugh Lennox Scott. New York: The Century Company. $5.00.

READING this interesting book, I was reminded of a remark made one day by the late Empress Frederick of Germany, after an interview with Mrs. Humphry Ward, when she was asked her opinion about the famous author of Robert Elsmere. "Mrs. Ward," she said, "would be such a delightful person if she could only forget at times that she was Mrs. Ward!"

And so it is with the memories of Major-General Scott. They would be delightful reading if one could only be permitted at times to forget Major-General Scott. Self praise is always to be avoided in a book, and the best memoirs are those in which the ego of the writer is carefully left aside. General Scott does not seem to share this opinion and gives us appreciations of his own merits, which at times jar on our nerves, and interfere with our enjoyment of the story of his varied experiences.

The story itself is both instructive and entertaining, and for the average reader it is one of the best narratives of Indian life as it existed some fifty years ago.

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The editors of the

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

announce their November book

JÖRGENSON, An Autobiography

(Longmans, Green & Company, $3.50 net)

This self-life of the Danish scholar, Johannes Jörgenson, is of intellectual as well as literary importance. This friend of Brandes, Bjornson, Ibsen, saw at first hand the origins of most of the intellectual movements of modern Europe. He was a leader of some of them. He now lives in Assisi, and there has found his spiritual as well as his physical home. His life of Saint Francis is highly acclaimed abroad.

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The book is in some parts an education in itself, as it contains some excellent definitions of the Indian mentality, which, at the time when General Scott was living in the West, few understood or cared about. Some of his remarks are illuminating, as when he says that, "We others must not judge the Indian as we judge the actions of the people of our time, for the older ones are still living in a more backward age, the age of barbarism; when we too had much the same beliefs and had not acquired the mass of knowledge that we now enjoy. The attitude of mind of the Indian, brought up on primitive legends without the correction due to modern thought and information, was altogether different from ours, and he was prepared to believe anything presented to him from a source in which he had confidence." He very justly laments the bad treatment awarded to these Indians by the white men, and those familiar with the history of the advance of our troops in Indian territory can but agree with his scathing assertion that "the treatment of the Indian by the white man is a black page in our American history."

The passages concerning our occupation of Cuba and the Philippines are extremely interesting and instructive. In general the book is out of the common, and may be recommended to lovers of modern history. Its greatest flaw, however, remains what I have already said. There is too much in it of Major-General Scott, and this is to be regretted, because we would have liked him better, if he had not told us so much about his own perfections and unfailing judgment.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Considerably This Side

This Side Idolatry, by C. E. Bechhofer Roberts. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

CONSIDERING the great number of semi-fictional biographies that have appeared in the last few years, it is surprising that This Side Idolatry should be the first to give us the story of Dickens. But an explanation is not hard to find. Chopin, Litzt, Shelley, Verdi, Delacroix, Wordsworth and Napoleon did not themselves write romances of their private experiences. Either they were poets who cut clean to the core of their hearts' ordeal, or they were painters, musicians or soldiers who lifted the masks of song and color and action to hide the inner conflict. Novelists make less dramatic material for the biographer, and because they have invariably written their own lives into one of their stories, they make his services less interesting. For real psychological and historical research there may still be a need, but their novels already stand as authentic reports, so far as romantic interpretation goes.

Mr. Roberts has written a very readable account. The events of Dickens's career lack heroic quality always. They are not invested with dramatic variety as in Wordsworth's case, or with a strange divinity as in Shelley's, or with astonishing transitions as in Disraeli's. But for the good stuff of human adventure and success, Dickens's history rewards any interest we may take in it. His obscure, confusing youth, his ill-regulated schooling, his headlong plunges into life and writing, his journalistic and theatrical ventures and his widespread fame make him a typical figure in that spectacle of personal achievement for which the nineteenth century is remarkable. His life, like his novels, swarms with human detail. Government pay-office clerks, actors, editors, reporters, comfortable merchant families, the strange foreign faces encountered in continental travels, housewives and children, hosts and coachmen—all are here, spilling their enthusiasm for life across

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the pages. Even the American scene is introduced through the novelist's famous lecture tours. Among all his various friends and enemies Dickens moved with a kind of wistful insolence, gaining wherever he lost until he won his incalculable hold on the reading public.

But Mr. Roberts has tempered his delight in all this by trying to give us a truer, more essential Dickens. His book, though it reads too much like a mélange of the novels, is saved from the effect of pastiche and compilation by the close view it takes of the hero in his relation to his friends and to his family. It is here that Mr. Roberts's own contribution to our knowledge appears. His researches have been various and detailed. But because they have been prodded on by a hearty love for his hero, they have also been original and profitable. Dickens is shown in all his exacting vanity and abrupt temper. His Bohemianism is carefully delineated, as well as his petty enmities, his theatrical poses and his inconsiderate demands on the patience of publishers, editors and relatives. This process may seem akin to the free psychological method which has led so many biographers beyond the danger-line during the last dozen years. But Mr. Roberts keeps in his pages the implication of faithful research, and so saves his book.

The whole account suffers by his failure to select. He is not prepared to write on Dickens's own scale, with manifold contrasts and lines of interest. Neither is he able to cut the narrative to its essential limits, writing with reduced and clarified insight. The chapters are cluttered with characters and episodes, and during the reading we are obliged to change our mind frequently as to the true nature of the record. Is it expanded biography or novel, fantastic tableau or true picture, David Copperfield annotated or Forster's Life improved?

We must read it, therefore, for what it shows us of Dickens, and for what it tells us of his surroundings. The journalistic world of the Victorians is given here in admirable perspective. Their groping for wider horizons is suggested with true skill. The men of letters and the hacks of Fleet Street are portrayed with an authority which reminds one of Gissing. But best of all, we get the first adequate presentation of Kate Hogarth, the novelist's wife. This curious and misunderstood woman has usually suffered in the hands of critics and historians. Here her difficulties are at least approached with sympathy, and we get a portrayal sane and life-like in its balance.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

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Tamerlane, by Harold Lamb. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $4.00.

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To the second chronicler, Tamerlane seemed a hero who "was generous and courteous, except to those who did not obey him. He loved justice, and no one who played the tyrant in his dominion went unpunished; he esteemed learning and learned men." It is this writer whom Mr. Lamb follows, and the result is a softer picture than one might expect of the man who mastered the larger part of the world.

Not that there lacks a distinct advantage in this approach to Tamerlane. Mr. Lamb rightly determined not to judge

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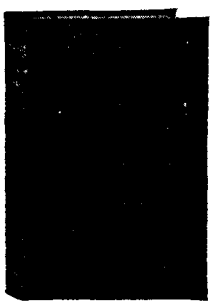

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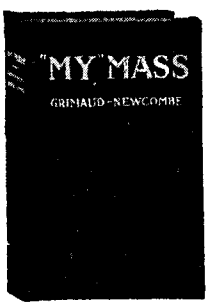

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his subject in the light of modern occidental standards. His very reasonable purpose was to exhibit this almost legendary man as he appeared to his own people in his own time. And so there was no reason for becoming excited over slaughter, pillage and the pyramids of skulls which Tamerlane left behind him in every sacked city.

Bizarre writing is easy writing. It has been suggested that Mr. Lamb should have emphasized the events following the taking of a city, particularly the feasts indulged in by the victors. With this, on reflection, one cannot agree. Such scenes were only passing phases in the life of Tamerlane's armies. The labor of conquering a territory extending from the Gobi desert to the Mediterranean, from Moscow to Delphi, the changes in government which followed, and the development of commerce and of art under Tamerlane—on these things Mr. Lamb has properly dwelt.

His book is one which can be read as history without blushing. Sources are more fully revealed than is usual in books designed for the popular taste.

VINCENT ENGELS.

A Writer in the Rough

Strange Fugitive, by Morley Callaghan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S Strange Fugitive has been hailed as a successor to Ernest Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises, as another rung in the ladder of American naturalism. Perhaps it is, but if it is, it is a decidedly lower rung. It wants the clarity and incisiveness which lift Hemingway above the usual young novelist, and if Callaghan's command of conversation is lifelike it lacks, despite its often studied coarseness, the ring of absolute truth which the dialogue of the former writer never misses. In short, Morley Callaghan is simply another of those half-baked novelists who, possessed of a certain native power of expression and justness of surface observation, are each season hailed as new and vital forces in the field of literature.

Strange Fugitive is the story of a boss laborer who becomes first a bootlegger and then a murderer. Though it holds the interest well enough, it is too casual and too void of unity to leave any definite impression. The writer himself has no personal interpretation of the facts he presents, and therefore subjectively his work is without interest. As a purely objective writer he has neither the technique nor the intensity to lift his work to significance.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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